What is a comb out?
A place where you can't get.
"CAVANDER'S
Army Club"
CIGARETTES
Of the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens.
20 for 1/1 50 for 2/9

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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 628. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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WE PAY CARRIAGE.
The Best Possible Market

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Mellin's Nature's Food for Infants; it cannot be improved on.
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The Cream in Cream
is all Condensed Milk, but all "Condensed Milk" is not Nestlé's.
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BY
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your kitchen will be with Catesbys Cork Lino down on the floors will have to be seen to be believed. The wonderful charm of this durable floor covering immediately beautifies the kitchen. Instead of gloom, you get inspiriting brightness. This is because Catesbys Cork Lino is made from the richest and neatest designs leading decorative artists can supply—designs that enlarge a room in effect and make it so comfortable the bread-winner and children sit in it with real pleasure, and this saves the parlour or sitting-room from wear and tear, and saves work too.

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"Wavcurl"

Promotes Curly Hair.

THE mode of the present calls for wavy and curly hair, and to those who find difficulty in securing the right effect, "Wavcurl" will prove most welcome. A special offer of 4/6 packet for 1/6 is now being made by the Manufacturers, THE NEW WAVCURL CO., FULWOOD HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1, and this should interest many readers of JOHN BULL. Chemists and Hairdressers can obtain full particulars respecting "Wavcurl," which is on the P.A.T.A. List, Post Free.

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We are receiving hundreds of fine Cameras every week. Men are joining the Army—dealers living in restricted areas are giving up business. Everybody knows Watson's as the house with the reputation for fair dealing, therefore everybody comes to us. We give highest prices and are content with a small commission on our sales.

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Uncle Cheeriboy.

"That's the Spirit," cried Uncle Cheeriboy—"tails up and give it them hot. But you must keep FIT, and Page Woodcock's Pills are the very thing to do it. **I know,** because they've kept me what I am to-day—robust—healthy—and merry and bright."

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 623. **Week ending Saturday, May 11th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Albert Hall Echoes.

People are still talking about the Albert Hall meeting—which, by the way, was the general theme of conversation in the Parliamentary Lobbies on the Monday. We should not be surprised if it was mentioned also in the Cabinet!

Press Conspiracy.

But did you notice, however, how the *Daily News*, and the "Northcliffe Press"—with which latter combine we are supposed to be in unholy alliance—ignored the meeting? So did the *Observer*. We expected fairer play from "J. L. G."

American Warships.

Now that it has been publicly stated that American warships are with the British fleet, there can be no harm in adding that we were there when the first squadron arrived—and helped to cheer them as they took up their positions—"somewhere in the Northern seas."

An Allies' Motto.

A learned reader wants us to suggest that the Allies should adopt as their motto the words which he once saw in the house of an old-time warrior—*Sæpe flecti sed nunquam frangi*, which being interpreted, means "Often bent, but never broken." So here goes—*Sæpe flecti*, etc.

Foch's Faith.

According to the *Daily Mirror*, General Foch is a "great believer in the power of prayer," and says "we shall yet be saved by it." We hope he will keep the Army of Manœuvre handy, all the same.

The New Cult.

Whatever do you think it is being named?—Horatiology. It is described as the Cult of Commonsense, qualified by Humanity. You must Pelmanise that phrase.

An Air Raid Rumour.

What was the mystery of the Air Raid alarm given in London on Friday, April 26th, and followed immediately by the "All Clear"?

The New Register.

So the Government do not think it possible to get the new Parliamentary Registers ready by October 1. Are they open to tenders for the job—*or don't they want the Registers yet awhile?*

Overheard.

One of the audience at that Albert Hall vouches for this. He was seated next to two Germans, and, when we were dealing with the Alien question, one of them said, "Zis is disgrazeful—ve must have no more meedings like zis von." As a matter of fact, you can't get them.

Capital and Labour.

We understand that the constitution of the British Commonwealth Union is now finally settled, and is in the printers' hands.

Our Price.

Apropos of Mr. Devlin's offer to enlist as a Private in return for the grant of Home Rule, *Cassell's Saturday Journal* wants to know what *we* would charge to become a Lance-Corporal. But we *are* a "Free" Lance.

ALBERT HALL MEETING.
HAIG'S REPLY.

"The message of generous and heartening appreciation which you have sent to the British forces in France on behalf of mass meeting of citizens of London has greatly touched all ranks, and I beg you to carry to them our deep gratitude and thanks for this further proof of their affection and confidence." ***We deal with this message in our leading article.***

A "Shortt" Memory.

Surely, Mr. Shortt will be somewhat embarrassed when as Chief Secretary he is called upon to apply to Ireland the military Conscription against which he voted. But note we say "when."

Wasted Money.

The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society announces a "record" income—amounting to £400,000—for last year. The money would have been better spent in material comforts for the troops.

At Tussaud's.

A reader visiting Madame Tussaud's the other day saw a lady from the country trying to shake hands with us—and wondering that we did not return her salutations! Not our fault.

A Discovery.

According to the *Athenæum*, whose stately columns are seldom spoiled by politics, our idea of Business Government, in which "there are undoubtedly certain advantages," is "Prussian rather than British" in character. In that case, we must reconsider the whole matter!

Our Naturalisation Laws.

So the Home Secretary is once more "considering" the idea of introducing an Amending Bill "at the earliest possible date." Perhaps, however, now that Mr. Duke has beaten him in the contest for the Lord Justiceship of Appeal—with a reversion to the Mastership of the Rolls—he will have time to get on with it.

The Fargo Hospital.

Either rumour is lying, or the state of things at this Military Hospital is very bad. Which?

"Our Glorious Dads."

That is how the *Passing Show* thinks we shall soon be speaking of the troops in the trenches. By the way, how the *P. S.* has caught on! It is the Twopenny *Punch*—only funny.

Man Power.

We recently suggested that a large number of fine soldiers, at present whiling away the time in the Indian Hills, might be brought to the Western front; and we now beg to add that the same remark applies to the Garrison Battalion in Jersey.

Wicked Wales!

If ever we are prosecuted over that "Premium Bond" scheme of ours, we are afraid Mr. Lloyd George will have to come with us—for we find him associated with a Welsh National Prize Drawing in aid of the prisoners of war. Ours is in aid of the conduct of the war.

Our Scheme.

By the way, we shall soon be in a position to give the Chancellor of the Exchequer a practical proof of the money-raising power of the scheme; our War Savings Certificate Prize Combination being nearly completed. Send for particulars if you haven't seen them.

Cardiff Cleric's Lament.

"In Cardiff," says the Rev. Mr. Badham, "they know more of what is in JOHN BULL than they do of the contents of the Bible"—a fact which, in the rev. gentleman's mind, justifies once more Carlyle's maxim about people being "mostly fools." Not the first Badham we have came across lately!

Unrepentant.

One of our contemporaries is very jubilant because somebody has dished up an article we wrote in 1908 in which, among other things, we said, "All war is a crime—there never was, and never can be, such a thing as a just war." Well, we repeat it. But if a man tries to ransack our home and ravish our womenfolk, we shall kill him if we can.

Those Bank Balances.

The Scotch papers are excited over the discovery in an old ledger, about to be sent to the pulp-mills, of records showing that there was money in the hands of a Bank belonging to a now defunct Building Society, and which had lain dormant for thirty years. We can easily beat that. Come, Mr. Chancellor, show your pluck!

mmortality.

"For Amusement Only—Place One Penny in the Slot and see the Germans torturing Edith Cavell." Such is the inscription on an automatic machine on the pier at Eastbourne. It is a gross outrage on a deathless name; but what does *that* matter, so long as the pennies are raked in?

Not Legal.

A reader asks whether it would be legal to form an association of Englishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen—men of from 30 to 51 years of age—pledged to give passive resistance to Conscription of themselves until Irishmen of 18 to 30 years of age have first been taken. The answer is in the negative.

Irish Conscription.

Such a combination is, of course, equally illegal in Ireland the moment Conscription becomes law. But then it is not law yet, and, as a Scotch reader puts it, the whole thing is "a blaw win' i' the lug."

The Tale of "The Bird."

Mr. Peacock, Chief Constable of Manchester, has reaped more fame. Before the Committee on Premium Bonds he told a picturesque story about a munition worker who bought an £80 piano in Manchester, and returned to the shop later on to buy another one "to fill up the opposite recess." Every piano-dealer in Manchester denies the story, and Mr. Peacock has been publicly challenged for proof. Up to now, "The Bird" has furnished none, though £50 will be given to a Hospital if he can make his tale good. Is he sorry he spoke?

Rampers on the Ramp.

Strange was it how tobacco and cigarettes disappeared just before the Budget; they were "out of stock." Not always was this the retailer's fault; the wholesalers were holding up supplies, waiting for the big burst. It came along on Budget Day; twopence an ounce was clapped on in some cases before the words were spoken. And lo! the shelves again were full—of the old stock at the new prices. The tobacco trade has executed one more piratical enterprise and acquired much loot in its own strictly legal way.

Among the Goats.

Certainly it was saddening to find the Y.M.C.A. figuring among the goats who put up tobacco prices in this way. On April 24th, the day the Budget was introduced, they were selling old stock at new prices; considering what men are their customers, it was peculiarly shameless.

A Pay Muddle.

Driver Geo. Robertson, only 19, died in British East Africa of malaria and dysentery. His nominal pay was 2s. 2d. a day, but he was docked 1s. 7d., allowance for his mother. Yet all she ever received was 6d. a day. When the lad's effects were received at home, his pay-book was missing. And the official attitude is to tell the mother, "You obtained all you were entitled to, and your son received full pay." But he did not, and there ought to be a considerable balance. In the absence of the pay-book, it seems not possible to claim this. But surely Woolwich is not so greedy as all that?

Nasty Neighbours.

One would not expect to find German prisoners of war placed in direct contact with English girls. Yet it happens. At the Cement Works, Halling, Kent, German prisoners and English girls work together in the same gang, and have done so since the beginning of this year. And the practice has been continued despite at least one report of improper behaviour by a Hun. Next, please.

A Reverend Rotter.

Although the parsons are to be relieved from compulsory military service, we have had an opportunity of distinguishing the patriots from the shirkers. The latter is too mild an epithet for the Rev. E. E. Lark, of the Wellington (Somerset) United Methodist Circuit, who has declared that, whatever pressure were put upon him, he would refuse any form of service and "would not even attend the wounded." After this, it passes our comprehension how any honest patriot can continue to attend the services of the spineless Lark.

One Wife's Story.

Her husband, a Kentish postman, volunteered, was rejected, but was taken last year, when 42—leaving her to look after their four children. She tried to get his round, but the P.O. would not allow that; though her husband had done 23 years' postal service, they passed his work to strangers. Last winter, her landlord wanted her cottage, threatened to evict her, and she was obliged to migrate to another village at well-nigh double rent. But, there—she is only a soldier's wife.

The Captain's Exemption.

Dover is concerned for the military reputation of Captain P. Hodgson. He is a volunteer captain, issues Orders in command, frequently sports uniform, and gratefully accepts the salute. He is also District Superintendent of an Insurance Company, and has just been granted six months' exemption, because "he had been approached to help to carry out the new voters' lists, and would try to do it." Surely a fit, trained man of military age could be more usefully employed. Dover Tribunal should remember Calais is just across the streak.

The Official Ban.

A Blackpool butcher, having not a scrap more meat in his shop than was needed for his regular customers, put a notice in his window—"The Food Control has not supplied us with any meat for visitors." Then the fat was in the fire, and a week later the butcher, with 2,030 card-holders on his books, received an official reprimand suspending his licence as a meat retailer until further notice. If this penalty was imposed, as it seems to have been, for no other offence than a plain statement of fact, it was nothing less than a piece of tyranny. What on earth *are* we coming to?

Unrewarded Heroism.

It was last July. The Transport *Cronia*, three days out from Durban, was on fire down below. Gas in the bunkers caused continual explosions; some of the stokers left their boilers, some injured. Just when it seemed there was nobody to avert dire calamity, the situation was tackled by an officer, a sergeant-major of the Warwickshires, and twenty soldiers. Inside three minutes stretcher-bearers were needed for burnt and gassed men, but the gallant band worked on. It took the heroes seven days and nights to beat the fire, gas and explosions. Is no bit of ribbon due to them?

The Bathless City.

It is a marvel how citizens of Lincoln manage to keep clean, if they do. For the city is totally unprovided with public baths; soldiers, clean by nature and by habit, view the situation with horror. There is a lovely cathedral and a broad river, but nowhere to wash, bathe or swim. After the war, Lincoln's first duty is to cleanse itself.

Too Many Neutrals.

Once again we may be permitted to voice our opinion that the extent to which foreigners, especially those of Spanish, Dutch and Scandinavian extraction, continue to find employment in the British Merchant Service is distinctly undesirable. Before us is an authentic list of the crew of the s.s. *Nicolo de Larrinaga*—of the "Larrinaga" Line, Liverpool—engaged in transport service, and out of a total of 50, no fewer than 37 names are of unmistakably alien cast.

Licensing Tyranny.

Some limit ought to be set to the power of Competent Military Authorities to close licensed houses on their beat, and rob respectable publicans of their living. For instance, we are told that the "Horse and Groom" at Godalming was recently closed in this way by order of Sir Archibald Murray, on account of a single Treating offence; and this although the proprietor of the house, a 53-year-old pensioner from the Royal Marine Artillery, had been on active service since 1914.

A Curmudgeon's Hospitality.

It was after Zeebrugge. Two splendid young marines, after going through it, were landed in Dover, and a kindly constable was deputed to find them a night's lodging. The greeting of one householder was, "Who's to pay me for putting these fellows up?" Well, he was told, and the shivering lads were admitted. They were allowed to visit the scullery, for a cold wash, accommodated in an attic for the night, and sent out in the morning without a hot meal. That was one brute's gratitude—and in Dover!

Docking Mrs. Atkins.

Brighton trams are a paying concern, but the management does not scruple to cut down the bit paid to a soldier's wife. When a baby arrives, they knock 5s. off the allowance. When a little extra War Office grant was made for children, that had to be docked. When the soldiers were allotted another 3s. 6d., that sum was stopped from the wives; Tommy must send home his hard-earned and bitterly fought-for extra. The stay-at-homes have advances and bonuses; Tommy gets the kicks, and his wife goes without the ha'pence.

Oh, Sugar!

On April 2nd a Coventry resident became the happy father of a bounding baby boy. Realising his responsibilities, proud pa set about procuring ration cards for young hopeful, carefully explaining on the application form that the juvenile's age was one week. And now, please, consider this communication from Mr. P. F. Dawes, the Executive Officer, Food Control Office, Coventry: "In reply to yours of the 15th instant, I beg to inform you that I have not the power to issue sugar card from this office. *Your son should have brought his sugar card from his previous residence.*" The italics are ours, and require no comment.

Another Massage Matter.

Perhaps the War Office has no faith in massage. It took an experienced masseur out of a military hospital, and made him a gunner. That was some months ago. Now—instead of being in France, where he would like to be, tending and ministering to urgent cases back of the line—he is kept quite busy on Salisbury Plain, packing sand-bags!

To Please the Pigs.

Farmers are chary about delivering potatoes to bakers at the controlled price. They hesitate to sell because they know it would be such a long while before they received the balance of the price from Government. So again there are tons of murphies to deteriorate, go soft, and sprout—destined to feed pigs instead of people. Seldom a day goes by without some such gross case being smelt out by the Press—and for every one thus detected there must be hundreds blushing unseen.

Pianos and Patriotism.

That iron piano-frame factory at Burnham-on-Crouch is, after all, doing more patriotic work than was recently represented to us. Only one-fifth of the pre-war output of pianos is now permitted, so the establishment is principally engaged making munitions, the extension of premises being requisite for this purpose. The eight exempted men—none Grade 1—are all engaged on the munition section, whilst the foreman is in his 51st year. So the honourable member for Mile End has no reason to feel ashamed of being a partner.

The Bishop of Birmingham.

The other evening we met, at dinner, the Bishop of Birmingham, and gleaned some interesting stories concerning him. He is a fine fellow.

Bishops in Parliament.

By the way, we were reminded in conversation of the fact—which we had quite forgotten—that of the Bishops comprising the Episcopal Bench, only 24 may vote and speak in the House of Lords.

Our Libel Action.

Pleadings have now been delivered in our own action in respect of the pamphlet "Horatio Bottomley Exposed," and from the present state of the list we should soon be "on."

Albert Hall Meeting Report.

A full report, in pamphlet form, of our great Albert Hall Meeting may be obtained, free, upon application to the Publishers, Messrs. Odhams Limited, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. A postcard will be sufficient.

Blackpool!

Some Blackpool people do their bit under protest. A Hydro has been taken over for 500 neurasthenic officers, and the local statement is that a more ideal place for them could hardly be found in any part of the country. But instead of welcoming the sufferers, there are those in Blackpool who have "moved heaven and earth" to keep their Hydro to their greedy selves, and to save the shareholders from possible loss. Fortunately, they failed.

Practical Christianity.

Bravo for the Congregational Union of Scotland, which has petitioned the Government to place five Huns "of high financial standing" on every hospital ship *and to take them off last in case of torbedoing!*

Important Mem.

The Government are about to issue an Order prohibiting the supply of papers to newsagents on "sale or return" terms. The only way, therefore, in which you can *make sure* of obtaining your copy of JOHN BULL is to place a definite order with your newsagent or bookstall. *Do it now!*

Shrimping and Service.

There are "funk-holes" elsewhere than in Whitehall. We have trustworthy evidence for the assertion that at Leigh and at other places on the Essex coast, a number of able-bodied young men are retained in the shrimping and cockling industries, making excellent money, but doing very little towards winning the war.

Right Turn, March!

What is one to think—what is indignation not tempted to say—at the sight of advertisements of this kind?: "Good cook wanted, one in the family, three indoor servants. Good wages. Rev. Canon Peyton, St. Mary's Rectory, March," and "Between Maid wanted, one in the family, three indoor servants. Rev. Canon Peyton, St. Mary's Rectory, March"? What says Sir Auckland Geddes?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Sir William Weir, Air Minister.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—Recognising the cruel logic of facts, which compelled your brilliant predecessor to relinquish the reins of office—having, during his brief term, accomplished wonders with the Service—it came as a welcome item of news that you, with your unique knowledge and experience, had agreed to step into the vacant post. Continue his energetic and independent policy—and you may yet go down to posterity as the man who, as Minister of the Air, put the finishing touch on the victory of the Allies. All good wishes. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Food Control Committee, Lichfield.

Dear Chairman,—Your Committee have done quite the right thing in protesting to the Ministry of Food against the rations granted to soldiers in the Army Pay and Record Offices. It is simply either preposterous gluttony or scandalous waste that the weekly allowances for such men should include 70 ounces of meat, 14 ounces of bacon, 8 ounces of sugar, and 6 ounces of tea. They are certainly not exhausting their energies in the sweat of their brow, and why they should be allowed to gorge while everybody else is on short commons is one of the inexplicabilities of the strategic situation. JOHN BULL.

To the Magistrates, Southampton Police Court.

DEAR CADIS,—Two taxi-drivers were up before you the other day, charged with driving to the common danger. One of them "had had a lot of drink," and his car careered about anyhow until it went over, and injured three of its four passengers. The other, who had been driving without reproach for 23 years, was dead sober at the time of his accident. It was a dark, dirty night, the lamps were almost out, and there was no evidence to show that the two pedestrians knocked down had not themselves to blame. So you let off the first man, and fined the second 40s. My poor dear gentlemen, what has gone wrong with those brains? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Jackson, Proprietor, Duke Bar Printing Company, Burnley.

Sir,—Unless I am mistaken, I have had to complain before of your ghoulish methods of business. No sooner does a widow receive the fateful telegram announcing her loss, than you are in the field with your wretched "memorial ribbons" and "photo tablets," enclosing unsolicited samples of your goods, and impudently demanding their careful return. You may be interested to know that in all such cases I am advising my readers to drop your rubbish into the waste-paper basket; meanwhile, I strongly advise you to abandon a line of business so opposed to all decent feeling. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Rentoul, Old Bailey.

DEAR JUDGE,—To use a Tommy's expression, I suggest you "mucked it a bit" when you remarked that "policemen have to face greater danger than soldiers on the battlefield." Your words have hurt the feelings of thousands of soldiers, including many in hospital. I believe you were serious; I am sure you were thoughtless, for you can never decently maintain that the streets of London are more dangerous than the battlefields of France and Flanders. Weigh it up. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, M.P., Minister of National Service.

DEAR SIR AUCKLAND,—You would, I am sure, be the first to acknowledge the splendid services rendered by the W.A.A.C.s, the W.R.N.S., and other women workers. I have a case before me in which a girl, seeking work as a "scrubber," was sent from Hull to Doncaster, missing a day's work and wages, only to find, after being put to the trouble of obtaining references, that no workers of her grade were wanted. Incidents of this kind, which have been too common, might be avoided if reliable information were available at the Labour Exchange.

JOHN BULL.

To M. L. Vaughan-Davies, Esq., M.P., Aberystwyth.

DEAR LEGISLATOR,—You help to pass laws for the compulsion of other people. You are a member of your County Agricultural Committee. Yet the District Committee at Aberystwyth is obliged to report that you have not carried out the Ploughing Order served upon you, and the attention of the County Committee—your own—is to be called to your case. To issue Orders to others and to decline to obey them yourself must require a deal of nerve—and you seem to possess it. It is reported in Cardiganshire that surprising things are done to evade this Ploughing Order. I should think your case as surprising as any—and more reprehensible than most because of your public position. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Bratt & Wilkinson, Magistrates, Northwich.

Gentlemen,—It is pleasanter to praise than to blame, and I warmly commend your fair-minded and sympathetic decision in the case of Clement Morris, a discharged soldier with two wound-stripes, brought before you on a charge of drunkenness. Believing the good fellow to have been guilty merely of a temporary lapse, and taking account of his services to the country, you discharged him with a reprimand on payment of the costs—thereby setting an example to other Magistrates, who have been apt sometimes to visit too severely the occasional excesses of those to whom we are so indebted. JOHN BULL.

To Charles F. Surgey (age 17), Mansfield Woodhouse.

A young brute like you, Charles, ought to give up pretending to be a British youth and become a Hun. For you deliberately to throw lime in that poor pit-pony's eyes, and blind without any excuse and without any provocation—and then laugh at your "joke," was just an infernal atrocity, nothing less, and you have got your right punishment in a month's hard labour. If there is any laugh in you now, you can get on with it, but I don't think they will hear it all over the gaol.

JOHN BULL.

ITALY'S COMING ORDEAL.

ENEMY'S NEXT OFFENSIVE—AMERICA TO THE RESCUE.

By A. G. Hales.

NOTHING will win this war but a grip like the old bulldog grip of our fathers! I for one refuse to contemplate anything less than a crushing victory for the Allied arms. It does not matter how the tide of war may ebb and flow; in the end we shall surely get our own back. If the Allies weaken, the world is going to know what German brutishness can do for humanity. But I see no sign of weakening. America seems terribly slow, but America will be doubly sure on that account.

It is time the British public understood that no one day's happening on the Western front need either depress or overjoy them. Look at the situation calmly and realise its vastness. All the way from the Rhine to the vicinity of Amiens blocks of German and Austrian troops are grouped at intervals close to a perfect system of military railroads. When the troops nearest to our front have been thrown forward into battle, other troops move up by rail or road, and as soon as the attacking troops grow stale or war-weary, they are moved back to rest and recuperate. There is a constant procession back and forth. Dead men and wounded men go Rhinewards in their thousands; fresh men take their places—it is like a giant game of chess with flesh and blood pawns, and in such a game there *must* be days when the attack is weaker than the defence. We found it so when we were attacking; so did the French.

When the Germans are weary of this big effort they will most certainly do as they have done after each desperate attack on us or on the sturdy Frenchmen—they will turn elsewhere in order to buoy their people up with something spectacular. They are preparing for it now. Germany will strike at Italy, and strike in force as soon as the Amiens offensive is over. The Italian rivers will be fordable then, and a great Austro-German army will rush the Brenta Valley, and try to sweep over the fertile plains of Lombardy. If Germany gets possession of Italy it means adding to our present difficulties tenfold. Italy must not be sacrificed now, for Italy is vital to the Allies. Austria alone could not vanquish her; Germany and Austria *can*, and will, unless America comes to the rescue, and comes with the speed and might of an avalanche.

Yes, the next big push will be on Italian soil. The Austro-Germans were ready for it before the Amiens attack, but the most unusual climatic conditions upset their plans. The rivers were unfordable—I *know*. I was there. If America wishes to strike a vital blow, let her hustle now as she has never hustled. Let her throw all her seasoned troops on to the Western front, but at the same time a dozen divisions of young soldiers should land in Italy with all speed. There is no better country in all the world for troops to train in. German propaganda agents are working ceaselessly night and day to undermine Allied influence, and German gold is heavy. The best reply to all that German agents have done and are doing is *fifty thousand American bayonets* flashing under the Stars and Stripes on Italian soil. Assure our brave Allies of America's help to the death, and they will never waver. Fifty thousand Yankee bayonets on Italian soil will save Italy to us—and cause Austria to sue for peace. For God's sake let us have *one* statesmanlike act to our credit in this bloodstained chapter of blunders!

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

ORGAN GRINDING FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Some weeks ago, two discharged soldiers, one of them using crutches, were seen about the streets of Southampton, pushing a barrel-organ, with a notice on the front of it to the effect that, having been "discharged on account of wounds received in action," they were reduced to this means of supporting themselves and their families. One of the men, though heavily disabled, had originally been awarded a pension of 14s. 8d. a week, from which 1s. 6d. had afterwards been deducted on account of an alleged over-payment; while his companion, though a little better off financially, had met with nothing but disappointment in his efforts to find suitable employment. However, both cases have now been re-considered by the Ministry of Pensions, and pending further inquiries, the men are to receive pensions of £1 a week. For this improvement no great credit can be claimed by the Southampton War Pensions Committee, presided over by a clergyman, in the person of the Rural Dean Canon Neville Lovett. "Before the war," remarked this reverend gentleman, "the taking about of a barrel organ was a profession many people preferred to other forms of labour," and it was to be assumed that these discharged men "liked to go about with a barrel organ and it was a good asset that they had been wounded." Encouraged by these callous utterances, Councillor A. C. Howard ventured the cynical observation that "though it was hard work to draw a barrel organ, it was extremely profitable." The fact that both men had searched in vain for more useful employment was ignored by these complacent critics. Since Councillor Howard thinks organ-grinding "extremely profitable," while the Rev. Neville Lovett regards it as "fascinating," perhaps the two of them would like to try it on for a day or so as a hobby—after which they may both cackle in a changed and chastened tune.

FROM INTERNMENT TO LUXURY.

TRAINING AND BIG WAGES FOR FREE ENEMIES.

The ways of the Home Office are past understanding; some of them seem to point to madness. It is scarcely possible of belief, and yet quite true, that a number of Hungarians and Austrians, "carefully selected," have been released from internment, and sent by order of the Home Office to work in wholesale clothing manufactories in Leeds; and it is gravely recorded by one of the principal officials concerned, "they are excellent workers." More than that, and worse than that, many of the men had no knowledge of the trade before they were released. They have "picked up a knowledge of skilled work with surprising rapidity." One of them used to be a plumber; he now cuts out khaki uniforms by machinery, is a skilled hand after six months, and is earning about £3 10s. a week. Another "skilled" machinist was a bricklayer before the war. "They have shown a keen desire to earn their own living." Powers of heaven! and these £3 10s. a week men are Hungarians and Austrians, aliens and enemies, and they have been trained to take the bread out of our own men's mouths, and let out of prison for that especial purpose. Yorkshiremen who have been trained since boyhood to that business are not paid so much. They, up to 50 years of age, must leave Leeds and go to fight, while these younger men, enemies, are invited to step into their shoes.

The wickedness is apparent, but it goes deeper still. If it be possible to train bricklayers and plumbers to the trade in a few short months, then it is equally possible to train our own discharged soldiers, who also "show a keen desire to earn their own living." The whole affair is so obnoxious, so irritating, so emphatically sinful, that we again question the sanity of the Home Office.

THE MIND OF A CHIEF CONSTABLE.

AMAZING THREAT TO CITIZEN WHO DID HIS DUTY.

Should you happen to live in the district of East Suffolk, it might be advisable not to inform the police of any infractions of the law noticed by you; if you neglect this warning you are quite likely to meet trouble. One gentleman was unaware of this, but now he knows. He wrote to the Chief Constable of East Suffolk regarding a Mr. F. R. Newson, who, he alleges, wasted petrol, in disobedience of the Order, on certain dates in November and December last. In due course, the Chief, Captain H. Jasper G. Mayne, wrote back to say that no offence had been committed on one day in December, but that a technical offence had been committed on the other stated date, and that the offender had been cautioned and instructed.

The gentleman, feeling sure of his facts, retorted that no mention of the dates in November had been made by the Chief. And then that Chief arose in his wrath, and indicted these fine and flowing phrases:—"With reference to previous correspondence, the statements made in both your letters have been fully and carefully investigated, and as a result, they have been in the main disproved. The impression made on my mind is that such statements have been made recklessly and without regard to accuracy, and the question of your liability to be proceeded against under the Defence of the Realm Regulations is under consideration." Now that is a terrible threat—and terrible fustian. The gentleman, having tried to do a citizen's duty, is supposed to sit in fear of a hot fine and a cold cell, just because of the impression he made on the mind of a Chief Constable. What a mind it must be, so to misconstrue a motive and to form so foolish a threat against a man who was only doing a public duty.

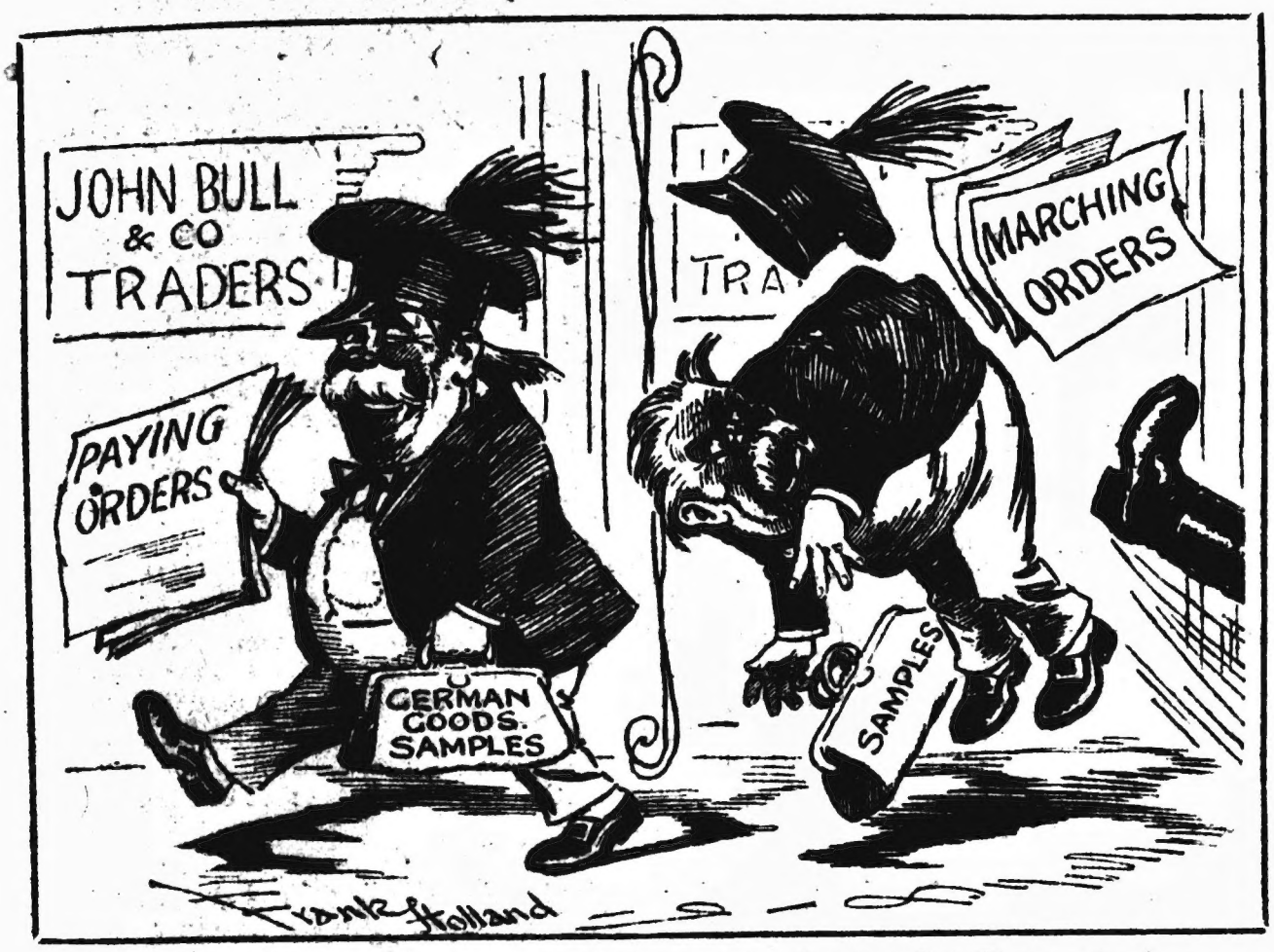
THE EIGHT MEN OF TIREE.

GAOL FOR CROFTERS WHO TILLED IDLE LAND.

Tiree is a little island off the coast of Scotland. It belongs to the Duke of Argyll. Much of the land leased to a Mr. Barr lies idle. Some time ago the Scottish Board of Agriculture had practically arranged that a certain part of it should be placed at the disposal of the Eight Men of Tiree for small holdings. The scheme fell flat because Barr demanded £1,200 compensation for his unexpired lease, which the Board would not pay, and when a break in his lease occurred last year the Board failed to take advantage of it. Here is this idle land! The islanders are on the verge of starvation. The Government does nothing to help them to gain possession of the land. Barr wants his compensation. The Duke supports Barr. In the Highland Mac Callum Mohr is rather bigger than the King. But not to the Eight Men of Tiree! They ploughed the land, and sowed crops. All the instincts of monopolists were outraged by this piece of patriotic common sense.

The Eight Men of Tiree were brought before the Sheriff Court of Oban. They were threatened; they were cajoled; they were promised that if they would leave their crops to be eaten by Barr's cattle they would be let off with a nominal fine, and no doubt the Scottish Board of Agriculture would do something soon. The Eight Men knew better, and were adamant. So the Sheriff condemned them to £8 expenses per man, and ten days' imprisonment without the option of a fine. He had the grace to suggest that they should have the privileges of political prisoners. The prosecution scented trouble; and everybody tried to get the Eight Men to yield—in which case the punishment was to be remitted. Not a bit of it! They knew their ground, and stood firm on it. And so those heroes have gone to gaol. Are they to stop there?

"ORDERS" OF "THE DAY."



The orders he got before the War—and the "orders" he'll get after!

A MATCH-LESS MUDDLE.

SOME FACTS AND THOUGHTS FOR AN OFFICIAL.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

Everything nowadays is "controlled" except burials. But that does not mean that anything is really under control. Take, for instance, matches—one of the most necessary of all domestic articles. If you do manage to get a box you are so delighted at the gracious concession of the tobacconist that you are disinclined to look closely into your purchase. If you did, and if you manage by dint of much energy to secure several boxes at different shops, the results are instructive, not to say amusing.

Let me reveal the outcome of a few purchases round and about the offices of John Bull—purchases, remember, of matches which are sold under the Defence of the Realm Act, and which are regulated by a Controller who issues Statutory Rules and Orders at much cost to the State—which is the public. I have been reading the Rules and Orders, and in the light of my discoveries I need not say I do not understand them, for while these D.O.R.A. effusions are evidently intended to control prices they seem to have no regard to quantities. A wonderful proclamation fixes the price—oh yes, they are always keen about that—but you can search London over for any uniformity of quantity.

Here is a box of Bryant and May's royal wax vestas, bought near Leicester Square for 2½d. Having carefully counted the matches, I can tell you they work out at 24 for a penny. Another box yields only 53—that is, a penny for 21! Then I go to a shop in Endell Street and again secure two boxes—my luck is in—of R. Bell and Co.'s royal wax vestas, 2½d. each box. One contains 68 matches, which works out at 27 matches for a penny (6 better than the Bryant and May box) and the other yields 72 matches, or 28 4-5 for a penny. Proceeding a little further I reach Great Queen Street, and there I come upon a 3d. box of J. Palmer and Sons' wax vestas, 85 in all, or 28⅓ for a penny. Remember, all but the last box were of a uniform price, and yet see the immense differences in quantity. And when we come to the wooden matches the tale is the same—uniform price and ridiculous difference in the total number of matches. Two three-halfpenny boxes of Swan vestas, bought at Endell Street, yielded respectively 110 and 59 matches, and a couple of boxes of Bryant and May's special safety matches, each three-halfpence, produced in one case 51 matches and one bit of wood, and in the other 70 matches and three bits of wood—not even uniformity in the number of useless chips!

Now I have gone into details because I regard it as scandalous that the public should be robbed in this way, under the very eyes of D.O.R.A. and the nose of the precious Match Controller. What are his Orders worth when he standardises the size of a box, but makes no stipulation as to the quantity inside it? And, having done nothing to secure to the public that when they pay 2½d. they will get uniformity in quantity, this Matchless Controller issues a windy Order declaring that "no person who buys matches for resale shall abstract any matches before resale from the box or packet in which they were contained at the time of sale to him." Fat lot of protection that for the public! No, the whole thing is a farce, and the Match Controller, who seems to be hopelessly at sea, has actually allowed the manufacturers to raise prices because they were not getting a "reasonable profit." Six matches for a farthing and yet not "a reasonable profit"! As a concrete case, take Bryant and May's. After for many years paying 5 or 6 per cent. on its shares, in 1914 it paid 7½, and in 1916 and 1917 12 per cent.—free of Income Tax—whilst in the latter year the reserve fund stood at £317,000 and £27,000 was carried forward. But "*any* excuse is better than none"!

HOMELESS BAIRNS.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN'S UNHAPPY PLIGHT.

A working-man reader—left a widower quite unexpectedly, with three young children to care for, one of them a baby of 18 months—applied to the nearest Board of Guardians for directions. In due course he was favoured with the amazing intimation that unless he, an able-bodied workman, came into the Workhouse himself, the Guardians could not undertake the care of his children. If the father were dead or a criminal the State would assume responsibility for his offspring! In another recent case, a soldier with an unfaithful wife found it practically impossible to procure the admission of his children to any school or home while he is away with the Forces, although he has expressed his willingness to contribute the whole of the Army allowance towards their support. It is not easy to prescribe cut-and-dried remedies for troubles of this kind, but it will be a scandal if in either of these cases the children are compelled to go homeless for want of a little practical sympathy on the part of the public authorities.

A VANISHING FIRM.

AMERICAN COMPETITION MONGERS ON THE RAMP

In a typewritten circular, scattered broadcast, Mr. O. A. Pierce, "President" of the American Short Story Bureau, 89, New Oxford Street, W.C., asserts that "a large number of stories in American magazines are published each month" through the agency of his firm, their only trouble being that there is "great difficulty in obtaining appropriate titles for many of these." For 1s. 4d. paid in advance, the Bureau will post a "thrilling story" by a "prominent American author," to any person interested, handsome money prizes being offered to those who can add a title. We are asked to believe that if a competitor keeps on long enough, buying story proofs at 1s. 4d. a time, he is dead sure of a prize sooner or later, and may even have the luck to scoop as much as £250—provided, of course, that his brain-power proves equal to the strain. Strange to say, our representative calling at 89, New Oxford St., could find no trace of the Bureau, while a postman on the beat did not know them at all!

TORTURING THE WOUNDED.

TERRIBLE CONDITIONS ON CANADIAN TROOPSHIP.

It is with reluctance that we refer again to the scandalous condition of things on some of the troopships. This time it is those taking wounded Canadians across the Atlantic.

Some of the ships were filthy with vermin, and the quarters very hot. Men who had been given red tickets by medical officers in England entitling them to cabin berths and exemption from duty were, instead, sent down to lie at the bottom of the ship on the sometimes wet floors. The food is described by some of the sufferers as "rotten, and not fit for dogs." The lavatories were indescribable—such as were allowed to be used, for many were kept locked up. Many invalids were kept on duty for over 14 hours without relief. As may be imagined, of discipline there was little. In one case the troops hooted the O.C., while even the sailors hissed him and threatened to throw him overboard. Mutiny is a terrible crime. But is not there an equally terrible crime somewhere, when, on a ship with stateroom accommodation for close on 2,000 more than the number of troops being carried, cripples and other invalids are left lying on deck-floors and in corridors throughout the voyage, while staff-sergeants who had never been to France had staterooms and the few officers and first-class passengers had the run of the promenade decks; that the wounded were left without proper treatment, and at least one man died in consequence, while on one boat no nursing sisters were carried? What has happened to the culprits?

"MR. BOTTO

What I Would Do—Haig's Special M

By THE TO

"MR. BOTTOMLEY, M.P."—that is how a letter was addressed to me the other day; and coming on the top of the big Albert Hall meeting—when I announced the possibility of my early return to the House of Commons—it filled me with something of the same feeling as that which came over me on a certain night in December, 1905, when, returning late from the South Hackney election, I found hundreds of wires addressed to me with those wonderful initials after my name. And it has set me thinking. First, I have been wondering whether, after all, it is "worth while"—and, on the whole, I am inclined to think it is. Even in these days it *may* be possible to do some effective work in the Commons—at any rate, I am almost persuaded to make the effort. The next question with me has been—if, and when, I return to the House, what would I do? Could I, by virtue of my true capacity as Representative of the Man-in-the-Street, exercise a real influence upon the Government? Could I, by patriotic criticism and by constructive statesmanship, help the country through the present crisis—in other words, could I *do* something?

What Would I Do?

What would I do? Well, I think the first thing would be to bring forward a motion to compel the House to consider its own record since the war began. Remember, at the moment when the Hun threw down his insolent challenge, we were heading straight for civil war in Ireland and for industrial strife in England of acid bitterness. What a reflection on our politicians it is that to-day, when we are in the very mid-channel of this terrible conflict, with the currents of success and reverse crossing each other with startling significance, the hellish menace of Irish disruption once more raises its hideous head. Think of the record of Parliament. It has allowed big men to be scrapped with little more than a murmur of protest. It has acquiesced in the swopping of horses although we are crossing not the stream, but the torrents of War. Mistaking passive agreement for patriotism, it has sunk whatever intelligence it possessed and has permitted successive Cabinets to shackle the nation in a very network of liberty-robbing regulations alike vexatious and unnecessary. The war began with the solemn declaration that Party Government was at an end—that a Parliamentary truce was to embrace all the Parties in loving and patriotic concord. And the only result of that peace pact was to let free a flood of muddling extravagance and departmental incompetence which finally engulfed the Asquith Government. It was said that the Opposition—which was no opposition—sighed for the sweets of office, and that the price of reticence over the murders of Gallipoli was the inclusion of the "outs" in a Coalition Ministry. But even that did not suffice to break down the delays of red tape and put vigour and vim into the conduct of the war. And so, in due course, the first Coalition was blown up, and amid circumstances creditable to none concerned save Mr. Asquith—who, with all his faults, showed a splendid restraint and dignity—the Lloyd George Coalition was conceived, in a week-end of intrigue, and born with startling suddenness. And let us be frank—we all rejoiced at the change, and without questioning the fine purpose and character of the outgoing Prime Minister, we felt we had in Mr. Lloyd George a splendid organiser, and a magnificent instrument for war, provided always that the sailors and soldiers were left untrammelled in the great task of fighting the Hun. It was good to forget the delays and accidents of those early months, and to reflect that the man who denounced "Too late" as the besetting sin of his colleague was now in power, able and desirous of emblazoning the "Do it Now" motto over the door of No. 10, Downing Street. Well, I am bound to say that Mr. Lloyd George—the man who got that grand move on in munitions—has done his level best; and in many ways he has done wonders. But for a long while now there has been an uneasy suspicion in the minds of the great and almost silent public, that the politician who knows nothing of the science of war has not given an entirely free hand to men whose business war is. If I went back to the House to-morrow, one of the first things I would seek to do, would be to recall to the service of the King the great sailors and soldiers who are at present opening bazaars, and playing golf, while the Empire is at death-grips with the foe. Did you notice that answer of Mr. Bonar Law the other day when he was asked how much longer the country was to wait before the Cabinet saw fit to employ again the experience and talents of Lord Jellicoe? It was amazing; it was scandalous. The man who not long ago was belauded as our greatest sailor had been offered a post and had refused it—and the refusal was "wholly creditable" to the gallant admiral. Then was it not discreditable to those who offered it to him? Further, we were told that it was difficult to find a suitable position for a man of such high rank. Was there ever such childish nonsense as this from the Treasury Bench? We want to-day all the brains we can command if we are to beat the foe on land and sea. Brains, brains and yet more brains! If ever a doubt crosses my mind, it is never concerned with the courage and quality of Jack and Tommy; the shadow comes sometimes when I think of brain power. And to allow good and true men—men of splendid attainments like Robertson and Jellicoe, like Trenchard and Fisher—to be biting their thumbs in idleness and leisure while the bloody panoramas of Armageddon pass across the fields of war, is deliberately to weaken our fighting powers in the face of the enemy.

Wanted Brains.

Not long ago, when I voiced national feeling in demanding the return of Robertson to active participation in the conduct of the war, inspired paragraphs appeared in the Press suggesting that the man who carried the mantle of Kitchener was in close touch and consultation with the War Cabinet or the Army Council. That was mere *camouflage*—a deliberate attempt to throw dust in our eyes. There is no real power without responsibility, and to-day the newspapers tell you by inference that Robertson has no more immediate concern with the task of defeating the Hun than can be detected in the unveiling of memorial windows and speechifying in favour of Church Army huts. Those are not fitting functions for a great general—"our greatest strategist"—in the hour of national agony; and I repeat it is a dastardly scandal that such a man, if he be the man the Cabinet told us he was, should be wasting his fine talents while the crying need of the Army is for brains, brains! Do not mistake me. If a sailor or a soldier be a proved failure neither I nor the country has any more use for him. Favouritism may be gross treachery, preference sheer wickedness, in war time. I care not who the man is; he should be broken if he has been weighed in the scales and found wanting. Take the case of General Gough. We have a right to know the truth—whether the Fifth Army failed because its leader failed, or whether that bloody retirement was because the politician failed the soldier. To-day General Gough is a man who stands practically condemned without trial. We are told there is no time in the midst of war to go into the merits of that retreat which sent a shudder through the soul of every patriot and made glad the heart of the German. Remember, that it is not the reputation of General Gough that matters so much as the *morale* of our wonderful Army. And I contend that the men who are called upon to answer the demands which their commanders makes upon them, have a right to know where lies the blame, if blame there be. Mystery breeds discontent, and we want no such microbe to infect that splendidly healthy body, the British Army. To be told one day that no one is to blame, and the next to find a General with a distinguished record pacing in idleness in Pall Mall, is not the kind of thing which breeds confidence—either here or at the Front. It is said that the politician is hushing up the business to save faces—that the line we held was too long for the men who held it—that the increase in strength asked for was not forthcoming. On the other hand, it is whispered that Gough failed to make the preparation in time to meet the offensive which he should have known was imminent. This kind of whispering and innuendo will continue until we know the truth—and the sooner we know it the better. Then take the Royal Air Force. General Trenchard is either a great airman, a superb

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fighting chief, a magnificent organiser—or he is not. But Ministers told us he was all these things; yet the voice which pronounces his dismissal also chants those eulogies of the man and his achievements. If it be the fact that he is airman rather than organiser, his place is at the Front with our superb air forces—and the Hotel Cecil should know him no more. Enough of this fooling!

The Politicians' Job.

I am no expert—nor is the politician, either as plain M.P. or Minister of the Crown. But I am aghast at the scrapping of the brains of our fighting forces when we are deficient in that vital commodity. In God's name, let the politician stick to his last and let the sailor and the soldier carry on this war. It is their job. They have devoted their lives to it—they have lived and prepared for "the day" which is now upon us with all its appalling sacrifice and all its momentous meaning. I repeat, if I were in Parliament to-day I would bend my every energy to clearing out the politician from the War Cabinet and to making that body a Cabinet for War. At the great meeting I addressed the other day at the Albert Hall there was not one of my proposals for winning the war and hastening victory which evoked warmer approval from those ten thousand throats than that of a Cabinet of sailors and soldiers. If we had that—Robertson, Jellicoe and Fisher, with Haig and Beatty as ex-officio members—I should care but little who was Prime Minister—or rather President. I like that title better; remember, it was only in 1906, by Letters Patent, that "Prime Minister" came into being. What we want is a Cabinet of War Experts, with a President as "liaison officer" between the fighting heads and Parliament. Politicians have no business to meddle in the conduct of war. They should devote themselves solely to finding the *sinews* of war—men, money and munitions—and to complying with the demands of the Cabinet of War-makers without hesitation and without delay. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to vote supply! And if they would do that, honestly, fearlessly, without thought of place or power, votes or career, we should see an end to the muddle and confusion, the insincerity—yes, and the trickery—which have confused counsel and delayed the day of victory. And in that case how gladly would I back up the Prime Minister! Those journals which, because of my candid criticisms, have jumped to the conclusion that I am party to any cabal against him, are altogether wrong. Let him maintain a firm stand, throw political expediency to the winds, and surround himself with the right men to win the war, and he will have no heartier supporter than I.

The Irish Deadlock.

Look at Ireland. How can we trust the politicians who have made that hideous mess and gained nothing but confusion and danger? There are queer rumours about—I sincerely trust they are false, although I am afraid they are borne on the wings of Truth. But let me say this, that if the Cabinet trifle with the public further, their Nemesis will be sudden and sure. The people are in no mood for humbug and deception. Middle-aged men are to be conscripted on the solemn promise that the lusty and idle youth of Ireland shall also be taken into the Army. You cannot play the fool even with patriots, and unless Mr. Lloyd George proves as good as his word and not only promises but actually carries out conscription in Ireland, the consequences will be dire indeed. When is the Order to be issued calling the Irish eligibles to the Colours? And if we are to have an amended Home Rule Bill, why this strange delay? Let us be frank. It is perfectly plain that, the Nationalists having refused to rise to the bait of a new Home Rule scheme, the Government lacks the courage to carry out its conscription policy—in other words, to administer the pill without the jam—in spite of their solemn protestation that the two measures were absolutely independent and distinct. At the present moment there is a deadlock; and I make the Government this suggestion: Let them send over to Ireland a responsible Minister, who knows the country, to investigate matters on the spot (I ignore the no-conscription Mr. Shortt); let him meet all sections of the community, and come back to the Cabinet with the truth; and then let the Government either admit the impossibility of applying conscription to Ireland, or set its teeth and go determinedly ahead with it. I can think of no better man for such a mission than Mr. Walter Long—a successful ex-Chief Secretary, a man universally respected, and probably without an enemy, even in Ireland. But whatever is done must be honest and straight forward, and must be done quickly. A War Cabinet of sailors and soldiers would stand no nonsense—that is why I look forward to the realisation at no distant day of my plan. And if my King and Country need me to take a hand in reorganising for victory, I hope soon to be ready to resume my place in Parliament and to be used in any way that will help to make our triumph sure and to hasten the hour of Germany's defeat. Few men have a deeper sense of responsibility to the brave lads who are fighting and falling than have I. From one end of the country to the other I have preached the gospel of patriotism and have been Chief Recruiter to the Colours.

Don't Worry!

And with that sense of responsibility upon me, I dare still to say there is no cause for despondency. No man who knows what I know and has open to him equal sources of information, could fail to realise that we have been passing through times of extreme gravity—even of peril. When the history of the last four weeks is written, things will be revealed which, if disclosed now, would "make your hair stand on end." But take it from me, the wonderful tenacity, the magnificent spirit of the British Army, in loyal and admiring co-operation with the French, have broken the strength of that awful sea of German military power which has beaten with pitiless force upon the bastions of the Western front. Once more the Hun Time Table has been at fault. Just as it was to be Paris by Christmas, 1914, so it was to be Calais by April 1st, 1918. The Kaiser proposes—but the British and the French soldier dispose. I am not going to prophesy smooth things. I could not and dare not say we have yet finally crushed the enemy's offensive in France and Flanders. But I do say that he has received such a staggering set-back that his strength is beginning to wane and his power is perceptibly slackening. According to my information—and I have every reason to trust it—his casualties since April 1st have reached the appalling—or, should I say, magnificent?—total of 600,000. And this destructive result has been achieved *without the use of Foch's reserves* Think of that and realise what it means. And, what is more important than anything else, the hearts of our Army are radiantly confident. God knows our gallant fellows have had a terrible gruelling; there is no disguising the fact that time after time they have been fought to a standstill. But the British soul, the British spirit has never failed. And it will not fail. The least we can do is to be grateful to that grand Army—so lift up our heads and wait in assured confidence for the final decision. That telegram from Sir Douglas Haig which is printed in full on our first page, in reply to the resolution forwarded from the Albert Hall meeting, is one of the most human of messages—characteristic, indeed, of the gallant Field-Marshal who sends it. Our splendid boys at the Front deserve all our praise and all our thanks, and I am sure every one of my readers and all who were present at that memorable gathering will be glad to know that, in the words of Sir Douglas, our tribute of affection and confidence has "greatly touched all ranks." We are proud of them, and we do look to them, with complete assurance, to maintain the honour of the British arms and finally to beat down the powers of Hell. And so I say again: Lift up your heads—be proud to be British, and be sure that victory is certain! Let us do our best—however trying the ordeal—to support the Government in every honest and brave effort it makes to hurry on the victorious end. As I have said, I am no enemy of the Prime Minister, or, for that matter, of Lord Milner. If, as I am assured, the new Secretary for War has shaken from his feet for ever the dust of his boyhood environment, and is heart and soul with us, and is possessed of the ability with which he is credited, well, so far as I am concerned, he shall have a fair chance. *So don't worry!*

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

"CAMARAD."

Wot the blazes is this wot's blown in? 'Ere, you're a German prisoner o' wore, ain't yer? . . . Then 'oo let *you* loose to come into a respectable Englishman's establishment? W'ere's yer guard? . . . *In the pig round the Johnny 'Orner?* Well, if thet ain't the limit! And 'e's let you loose to come in 'ere all on yore lonesome? . . . Oh, 'e knows you won't run away, does 'e? Corse 'e does. You're too fly fur thet, I dessay. Know w'en you're well orf, I reckon. Well, enny'ow, wotjer want? . . . *An' air cut?* Not in them trousers, me gentle 'Un. You don't reckon a free born Britisher will soil 'is 'ands by cuttin' a German's 'air, do yer? . . . Then you've got more face then I reckoned even a German 'ad. If you 'Uns 'ad fought a decent, clean fight p'raps I might 'ave stretched a point an' obliged yer. But arfter wot your lot 'ave done I couldn't look a reg'lar customer in the face again if I used me tools on you . . . . Oh, I tork foolish, do I? . . . You've bin a barber in the City yorself, 'ave you? . . . Your money is as good as anybody else's, is it? Don't chew believe it. Not in this saloon it ain't. If you've bin a barber, do yer own 'air-cuttin' . . . . Oh, we shell 'ave to accept you again as usual after the wore, shell we? Don't chew kid yerself to *thet* extent. You'll find thet the Britisher won't ferget quite so easy as thet. There's lots o' things wot'll stick in our gizzard as long as our memory larsts. There wos thet "scrap o' paper" to begin with. Then there was the use of poison gas . . . . Oh, we started thet stunt ourselves, did we? Then 'ow was it we 'adn't got no gas marsks? Don't you know thet w'en your lot started thet dirty game an' choked our pore chaps in the trenches we'ad to work night an' day to provide 'em with makeshift respirators? You'll tell me we started bombing women an' children next, in open towns, an' try to make me believe thet we begun the submarine campagne an' was the first to sink 'orspital ships without warning! I tell yer, w'en I calls to mind all the low down tricks you've played on us I feels more inclined to take yore scalp then to cut yore 'air. An' yet you tells me we shell 'ave to accept you as usual arfter the wore! You Germans 'ave made a few mistakes, but you'll find thet is the biggest. Don't chew know thet British seamen 'ave swore to 'ave nuthink to do with Germany or Germans fur five yers and a 'arf arfter the wore? You've killed fifteen thousand of our defenceless merchant seamen. Thet's one o' the things you've gotter pay for. . . . Woot's thet?—*The individual German soldier an' sailor ain't responsible fur the various atrocities you're sed to 'ave committed?* Git out! Wot are you, then? Blinking slayes without minds or wills of yore own? Do you think thet if a British sailor was ordered to sink a German orspital ship 'e would do it? Not 'im! 'E'd be more likely to chuck the orficer overboard wot gave the order. You carn't 'ide be'ind yore orficers. You're a bad lot, from top to bottom, and I've swore never to take the 'and of a German again as long as I live, or speak a civil word to one. As fur *you*, git out! Yore guard oughter be court-martialed an' shot at dawn fur lettin' you loose to come into a patriotic Englishman's shop and insult 'im under 'is own roof. . . . There's too much o' this sorter thing allowed as it is. If our pore chaps wot are prisoners in Germany wos treated like 'uman bein's, it 'nd be diff'rent. . . . Come, out you go! . . . Dam yer money, I tell yer! I'd rawther starve in the gutter then soil me 'ands with wot you've earned fur playin' the devil! . . . Git out! If you wasn't a 'elpless prisoner o' wore, *I'd* show yer! . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SMALLHOLDER":—

"Only those who have ACTUALLY USED ONE know what a great boon is a SCRATCHING SHED."

"KENTISH EXPRESS":—

"Mr. —— (was) elected a trustee of HENRY COOK'S CHARITY in the place of Mr. —— WHICH IS READILY OBTAINED OF ANY CHEMIST, AND COSTS BUT 3s. FOR A LARGE BOTTLE."

"CORK EVENING ECHO" (advertisement):—

"TALKING PARROT for sale; LADY LEAVING CORK CAN BE SEEN AND HEARD BY APPOINTMENT."

"EVENING NEWS":—

"The present noon express to Norwich (from London) will START AT 11.50 A.M. AND ARRIVE 15 MINUTES LATER."

"PESHAWAR DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—

"Pure and unmixed butter being not available in Peshawar City and feeling an urgent demand for the same, we have, BY THE GRACE OF THE LORD, started a butter factory on a small scale."

"EASTERN EVENING NEWS":—

"The British Navy has not achieved its glory and high tradition by undue caution, but by the spirit which undertakes IMPOSSIBLE tasks and DOES them."

"NEW YORK TIMES":—

"The rest of General Foch's war record is known . . . It was he, it must be remembered, who commanded the French and GERMAN Armies on the Somme in 1916."

"ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD":—

"He is a young UNMARRIED man, and HIS WIFE AND FAMILY at present reside in Saltcoats."

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—

"His MOUTH WAS DRAWN TIGHTLY OVER HIS LIPS."

THE NAVAL OFFICER AND THE "LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

Just prior to the war, a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown: a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end.

He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty, but from every form of work. But war broke out, and his services—for he was a clever expert—were urgently needed. He rejoined.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command *over the heads of senior officers!* He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received, by the Pelman Institute, from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages directly resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

Is "Pelmanism" worth while?

Let any man of common sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred admirals and generals,* as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman System—duly practised—NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.

All Classes Benefit.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as an assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from other advantages, the Course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a greater belief in possibility.

The letters which daily come to the Pelman Institute telling of salaries doubled, positions and promotions gained, or other material advantages, make it clear that *Truth* was well justified in declaring that "the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance"; they also explain why such distinguished public men as Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and others have not hesitated to endorse the methods and principles of the Institute. There is no man or woman who has expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

Mind and Memory (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint *of Truth's* famous report, and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL to the complete Pelman Course at *one-third less than the usual fee,* on application to The Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers).

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean checseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Love Thine Enemy:—We are told by British soldiers in Buttevant, Co. Cork, that civilian positions in the engineer department, the canteens, and as Range Wardens are given to Sinn Feiners, although there are men invalided from the Service who would be glad of the jobs.

Swindled:—About twenty returned Expeditionary men who joined the 45th Company, 8th Res. Batt., M.G.C., at Clipstone, are still waiting for their credits, and consider that they are being bilked. This is an extreme view; possibly the fault is due to the customary laziness of the Indian Pay Office.

Damnable!:—A soldier at Gunton, on draft leave, got a re-call wire to rejoin his draft and start for the Front at once. He chose the shortest route in his anxiety to answer the call, and on arrival at Liverpool Street was asked to pay 14s. 2d. excess fare. He could not do it, but a civilian came to the rescue. So much for keenness!

A Squeamish General:—Order issued at Tudno A. M. Hospital, Llandudno—"No man will be allowed a late pass this evening on account of the General staying in the town. We do not wish any of our men to be out in the streets in case he sees them." One day the General may be sent to the Front, where he will see wounded Tommies in the raw state, before their honourable hurts are bandaged up.

Just Their Way:—Some time ago a ukase was issued taking the recruiting duties out of the hands of the military authorities and handing them over to the Ministry of National Service. Soldier clerks in recruiting offices were told that they must cease to wear khaki and get into mufti, and were offered a civilian suit or money in lieu. The knowing birds elected to take the money, not caring to appear as workhouse inmates. The men were also to have been transferred to Class W. Reserve and paid civilian rates of wages, the minimum being £2 a week. The poor fellows are, however, still praying for the realisation of the promise solemnly made through Army Council instructions.

Hazing the Sick:—The following Order is common—"In future all N.C.O.s and men reporting sick and marked 'Medicine and Duty' will be confined to barracks, and will report to the Police Sergeant at 6.0 p.m., 7.0 p.m., 8.0 p.m., and 9.0 p.m." If a man is fit for duty, why not for a curative walk? We must not "crime" our soldiers for becoming ill.

The New Doctor:—Then, too, from No. 1 Camp, at Thornhill, Aldershot, we hear that when a man reports sick in the morning he sees a Lance-Corporal, age about twenty-four, who appears to be acting for the Medical Officer, and serves out the verdict—"Medicine and Duty." What does the Army Council think? No wonder our poor fellows break down!

"JACK."

How Is This?:—All ratings of the R.N.V.R., R.N.R., Trawler Section and Mine Layers receive a Good Conduct Badge for three years' service. Crews of patrol ships on applying for the same badge are told that they are not entitled to it, as they "only belong to the Auxiliary Patrol." What a knock-kneed distinction!

A Query:—Some time ago, the tug *Sarah Jolliffe* salved an oil-tanker in the Atlantic, and salvage money was granted to the crew. We want to know if any portion of the money was held back, and if so, why? We have heard a story that we do not like.

Be Kind to the Boys:—We are rather concerned about what we hear regarding the Greenwich School for the sons of P.O.s in the Navy. Some of the boys who have been promoted to Petty Officers appear to be of a brutal disposition, and we are not surprised to hear that several of the unfortunate lads have run away from the school.

Those Barrack Damages:—Will the Higher Command investigate the stoppage for barrack damages made against the men in Blandford Camp? A tax of a shilling a week for an indefinite period seems to be rather tall, and it is hardly playing cricket with newcomers. There is a little matter concerning paraffin oil that might also be investigated.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Turned Down:—The Salterton District Council recently elected as Executive Officer a young fellow who ought to be in the Army. A Badger should have been appointed.

Some Branch!:—Hull, where the Comrades made an inroad, is now back on the Federation Rolls. The local branch's membership is 900 as against 100 Comrades. Newcastle, which also went over to the Comrades, has now come back, and is going strong.

"All Hope Abandon":—The officials of the London Telephone Service, Queen Victoria Street, want men to train as operators for evening employment in the West-end Exchanges. They seem to turn up their noses at those discharged from the Army.

H.Q. Organisation:—The organisation of the Federation has been overhauled. Mr. Booth has been appointed Hon. Secretary, and is responsible to the Executive for office administration. There have been other new arrangements made. All communications to H.Q. are now assured of prompt attention.

"National Importance":—A Badger was accepted at an Aeroplane Factory at Cricklewood to do work of National importance. He was given windows to clean, and when he asked to be allowed to do more onerous work was told that if he was not satisfied he should pack up and go. He did.

Lucky Councillor:—The Local War Pension Committee at West Hartlepool wanted a new Secretary. Our men all received the cold shoulder, and the job was handed to a Town Councillor! When will this sort of thing stop?

A Growing Scandal:—A man was given a situation on a farm at Brafferton, in Yorkshire. As he receives a small pension for the loss of one eye, his employer told him he ought to give his services for a lower wage.

Kicked Out:—There is a large factory at Redhill which is supposed to be in need of hands. Discharged soldiers sent there from the local Employment Bureau are turned away. If the man with the comb goes to the works he will be able to collect about half a battalion of military age.

New Branches:—The Scottish Federation begins operations with 44 branches and a large membership. Mr. Howden, Erkride College, Lasswade, is the Secretary. The Welsh Federation is forging ahead. Many branches of the National Association have thrown in their lot with the Federation. This is as it should be.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

In Trouble, Indeed:—Following upon her husband's enlistment, a woman was taken ill. She then lost a young baby, while shortly afterwards her remaining three children were taken away with diphtheria, etc., and the eldest one died! These great misfortunes involved expense which she was unable to meet.

Adrift without Pension:—Discharged from the Service in consequence of heart trouble—his small gratuity exhausted, his possessions pledged to provide the necessities of life—a man required, and was given, help to regain a musical instrument, his sole means of earning a livelihood.

A Young Sufferer:—A mother appealed to us on behalf of her little girl, age six, who is under medical attention for heart disease. The child is about to be admitted to hospital, but in the meantime nourishing diet must be procured to maintain her strength.

A Burden to Himself:—A poor fellow acquainted us with his sad condition. He is an incurable consumptive, and while lying ill had to ponder over the problem of how to obtain help for his wife and three children. The income of the household is only 10s. National Insurance money; and 7s. 6d. earned by his wife by washing.

"Worse Off Every Week":—So states an applicant—a war widow, with six children, all under the earning age. She finds it extremely difficult to feed them, and they were wanting boots, in order to attend school.

Ill and in Debt:—A soldier's wife is awaiting entry into hospital. Debts had accumulated during her illness, and she has four children to leave to another's care. Her allowance was insufficient for the extra expenses.

For Her Children's Sake:—A young mother, on the verge of consumption, has been ordered by the doctor special diet. She has two very young children and is anxious to keep up for their sakes, but had to appeal for a little money to carry out the medical man's instructions.

Other Cases Helped:—

On special leave to visit sick wife; found debts had accumulated, and was not in credit with regiment.

Discharged from the Service; temporarily absent from work through ill-health; wife not earning much; four children.

Another man discharged, disabled; wife also delicate; six children to support on very meagre income.

Little boy down with measles; mother's scanty savings exhausted by the provision of nourishment, etc.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mother of Boy Officer "Shot at Dawn," £2 1s.; R. B. L., £25; "A Mother's Mite" (Southsea), 5s.; "A Few Munition Workers" (Kingston), 4s.; "Scotch Friend," 5s.; Workmen of Partington Steel and Iron Works (per G. W. H.), 8s.; Mrs. J. B. H. (Norfolk), 2s.; B. E. H., 2s. 6d.; "Auntie," 5s.; C. E. C. (Holborn), 10s.; "Portobello," 2s. 6d.; "A Bristol Reader," 3s.; "Jessie" (Cork), 4s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; A. L., 1s.; R. H. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; A. H. M., 1s.; D. H. (Burton-on-Trent), 1s.; C. C. (Hanley), 2s.; S/Sgt. "Canuck," 5 francs; "Wife of Marine," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. M. (Darwen), 2s. 6d.; P. D. H., 6d.; A. W. M., 3s.; "Warrington," 10s.; M. H. (Newport), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; M. L. (Camden Road) 3s; C. D. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; J. H. D., 10s.; "Fair Play," 1s.; "Old Bullet and Football Wallah," 1s. 6d.; A. P. R. (Stirling), 10s.; "Rob Roy," 5s.; F. E. P., 6d.; M. W. J., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. M. S., £3 3s.; H. H. D. (Sparkhill), 1s. 6d., J. A. B. (Catford), 6d.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; R. B. (Barry Island), 2s. 6d.; J. C., 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; "Sick with Disgust," 5s.; "Mrs. Tommy Atkins" (Manor Park), 1s.; W. A. M., 1s.; Gaine Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 3s.; W. H. (Romiley), 1s.; Wearwell Costume Co., 1s.; J. D. D., 5s. 10d.; R. S., 2s. 6d.; D. T. P. (Windsor), 1s.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; C. W. W., 2s. 6d.; G. C., 1s.; "Anxious," 5s.; C. H., 10s.; "Sympathy," 1s.; E. H. D. (Yalding), 1s.; F. F., 1s.; E. M. C. (Smethwick), 5s.; J. F. R. P. (China), £5; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; A. J. (W. Brompton), £1; "Dal," 1s.; W. C. M. (Buxton), 5s.; A. J. (Norfolk), 1s. 3d.; "Canadian P.O.," $2.50; A. E. S., 5s.; E. W. K. (Walthamstow), 1s.; W. R. (Johannesburg), £2; "A Soldier's Daughter," 2s 6d.; "In Memory of Grace," 2s. 6d.; R. J., 1s.; R. R. (Weybridge), 10s.; W. S. (Bradford), 10s.; T. B. (Greenock), 2s. 6d.; A. G., 10s.; Pte. A. S., 4s. 6d.; M. H., 1s; J. C (Sheffield), £2 2s.; T. R. (Aston), 1s.; A. H. S. (Scotland), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. S., 3s 6d.; "In Memory of Dear Babe," 2s. 6d.; Mac. (Croydon), 1s.; A. M. B. (S. Newington), 1s.; "Primrose," 5s.; "Molly," 2s. 6d.; "Rae," 10s.; H. L. F. (Andover), 2s. 6d.; W. G. (Hull), 6d.; K. R. (Tottenham), 3s. 6d.; W. M. S., £1 5s.; J. S., 6d.; Sergt. G. W., 1s.; M. P., 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

THE MOTHER OF THE YOUNG OFFICER "SHOT AT DAWN" sends her heartfelt thanks to those readers—especially other bereaved mothers—who have sent her kind and sympathetic letters.

J. S. (Croydon).—"Where is that Strategic Reserve?" Daren't tell you, if we knew.

PTE. H. (A.I.F., Hurdcott).—"My belief is this war will end on the 23rd of May." Can't you hurry it up a bit?

MRS. L. E. B. (E. Auckland) assures us, among other things, that we've "converted many narrow-minded Nonconformists into broad-minded ones." Glad we haven't lived in vain.

"MAJOR" (Norwich).—The fact that we have a War Council of civilians is not only a disgrace to the country, but a danger to the Empire. It is this which encourages the Huns to persevere in their deadly designs.

"SILVER LINING."—No harm, as far as we can see, in Mr. Asquith being President of the Eighty Club. Or were you after the job?

"VENGEANCE" (Paignton).—We note your suggestion that the Allies should at once kill the Kaiser. Is that an original idea, or did someone put you up to it?

S. B. (Bath).—Your letter is a farrago of tosh. Your strategy is as poor as your opinion of our conscript army—which, you conveniently forget, has lately met and withstood odds as great as 10 to 1.

"BEAVER" (Catford).—"With executive ability and scientific attainments, I'm officially deemed too old to live at 40, but young enough to fight at 50." That's the worst of not being a parson.

"INDIGNANT BRITISH WOMAN."—The army makes lady passengers leave a railway carriage to make way for Hun officer prisoners, so it is "legal," perhaps. But we rather wish some public-spirited lady would refuse to move.

M. B. (West Ham).—It has been specifically stated in the House that the last son was to be exempt if all the others had served or were serving.

W. K. P. (Twickenham).—"I think if the Allies would proclaim that after the war they would confiscate all the land owned by the Prussians——." We'll see what can be done—after the war.

"ANXIOUS" (Gillingham).—First, no sugar, now no saccharine. All the sweet things going; except girls.

"SUBMASTER (BRITISH)."—Can't tell you why "Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald" are allowed to be at large. It is one of the puzzles of the war.

L. E. J. (London).—This is the first we have heard about our projected visit to Sweden—although we have often been invited to go to Jericho.

PTE. J. R. (Alnwick).—What a fine group of fellows you look in the photo, and how appropriate the panel of our issue shown in the picture—"Have no fear"—appears!

F. R. (Wakefield).—We are horrified to hear of "good, sound tripe going rotten." Probably it couldn't stand customers giving it the glad eye.

G. W. G. (Louth).—"Take the Partington Farm Colony of 2,500 acres." Yes, and then have you telling on us for pinching it!

"VERAX" (Woolwich).—Thanks, but we don't want our "personal attention" drawn to a "blasting, staggering explosive"—having a strong objection to being blasted otherwise than in playful speech.

"A WIDOW" (Willoughby).—What did the man mean by saying he "didn't believe in JOHN BULL"? Like saying he didn't believe in Mount Vesuvius!

A. R. S.-B. (near Bristol).—Good works are the most effective form of prayer. This being so, killing Germans, or in any way contributing to their destruction, is the most prayerful thing one can do.

F. P. (Bayswater, W.).—Political colours differ in different parts of the country, but we have generally noticed that the defeated partisans after an election look blue, whatever colour they favour before the poll.

"HOSPITAL" (Yorks).—The nurse was tactless, certainly; but as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.

MRS. M. L. (Epsom).—"I guess there are some useful and good Jews about." We know, without guessing.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"If the Kaiser comes . . . I hope the shrieking peacemakers will receive a golden iron cross." You mean a tin putty medal, don't you?

"TRIBUNALS" (Many Readers).—Generally speaking, we should do more harm than good in trying to influence Tribunals in individual cases.

M. A. G. (Exmouth).—Marcus Aurelius said that nothing ever happens to anybody which Nature doesn't enable him to bear. Which simply means we can all bear the worst because we've got to.

NATHAN KWAMI (Asuboi, Gold Coast).—You will have to wait a long time for our "reply," as you call it, if you expect us to send you our "catalogue together with a few samples of stuffs." The only stuff we stock is hot stuff which you will find printed in JOHN BULL weekly.

T. C. (Lyndhurst).—We rather like your drawings "symbolical of German cruelty," but when you tell us they record your "visions," we cock our eyebrows in a curly kink.

"DRIVER" (Reading).—"My ambulance car carried accident case. Patient's name Woolleson; friend with him, Woolley; my name, Woolls." Oh, Woollamooloo! And your car wasn't a Wolseley.

"LANDBEACH" (Cambs.).—If it took the sergeant three months to learn the Morse code, we should not call him "a smart man." As for trigonometry, he could study the science by pulling the trigger better on a range than in a rural laze.

PTE. T. B. (Upper Burma).—Very annoying, certainly, to find an alien "walking out" with your young lady. Find another.

MAJOR S. (Dulwich, S.E.).—Your lines on "Roadman Tommy Atkins" are a fine tribute to the road repairing Labour Units in France, whose claim on our gratitude should not be overlooked.

S. W. W.—"We have a tobacco and confectioner's shop. Usually we sold between five and ten thousand cigarettes without tobacco." Then you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, instead of boasting about it. What were they made of—garden greens?

"VOLUNTEER'S WIFE" (Deptford).—Candidly, we believe that if the 50 men are called up there'll be such a row in the country that the Government won't see the men for the dust.

"MARGARET" (Liverpool).—You have reason to be proud of your husband, and of your "five kids too," who you tell us are also all "death or glory boys." God bless and keep you all!

R. W. T. (R.N.B., Portsmouth) wants to know who, "a few years ago," was the leading comedian in "Perkins, M.P."—Mr. Fred Kitchen or Mr. Fred Karno. We Karnot say; Karno can.

"ABLE SEAMAN."—"Two Waacs were stopped at Colston Park, Bristol, and told, 'No ladies in uniform allowed through here.'" Perhaps Colston Park is not fit for decent people.

J. M. (Warrington).—"Compression produces compaction. . . . This has been hanging over Germhuny for some time . . . the fixation of nitrogen." The fixation of a few ropes would do more to enthuse us.

D. P. (Portsmouth).—In the words of Dr. Johnson, "Sir, we have found you an argument; we are not under obligation to find you an understanding."

"DISGUSTED" (Harrogate).—Yes, we noted that the Skipton Tribunal has exempted an alleged "conchy" of 18 from combatant service; but just you wait till they catch his grandfather!

L. P. (Edinburgh).—The "*ch*" in Germhun is pronounced as in the Scotch "*loch*"; but why should a Scot wish to pollute his tongue?

"NEW COMPETITOR" (Leeds).—Glad to hear you secured a substantial cash prize in our "Bullets" competition with your first attempt. It is not a record—several others having already done so.

L. R. C. P. (Manchester).—According to the books, there are about 500,000,000 Christian adherents in the world. The calculator seems to have wrongly counted in the Germhuns.

A. T. (Winchcombe).—"I for one would give up my job to-morrow to a wounded soldier." That's a fine spirit.

"OLD JACOB" (Winchfield).—"Go it, John; if we're left to pro-Germhunism, teetotalism, and other isms we shall fail." Plenty of ginger in us yet.

W. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—So you, too, have had a message from the spirit world! Anything about the increased duty and reduced prices?

"KNUTSFORD"—The Conchies in your town gaol are over the limit, objecting to their "waiters" (warders) wearing military ribbon, making them knock at the door before entering, and refusing to work after 4 p.m.!

"ANXIOUS MOTHER" (Balham).—Haven't seen the advertisement referred to, but most of these "Cinema Aspirants" advertisements are—well, it's your money they want.

G. M. N. (Northallerton).—We strongly object to letters written in ink of two colours. Such needless variegation irritates our eyeballs.

"SUB-POSTMASTER" (Somewhere-in-England).—"There is no mention in the new Act of the Sub-Postmaster of 40 being exempt from Military Service, but the young swank in the Civil Service is safe after 25." You Sub-Postmasters always seem to get it in the neck. Hard luck!

"A MUNITION WORKER" (Woolwich).—You did not enclose the piece of cheese for which you say you paid 1d. at the Arsenal Canteen; but if you will send it along we will don our gas mask and have a look at it.

G. S. (Bristol).—"I expect to be called up myself, but would like to see some of these other blighters mustered up." All the grandfathers are hot stuff now.

MRS. V. P. (Ottery St. Mary).—"Have you seen that par. in *Daily Chronicle* 'Too Much Bacon'?" Yes, all gammon.

S. T. B. (Black Heath).—"In Black Heath, Rowley Regis," a man has "five healthy, robust sons doing nothing for their country." Then the recruiting officer is so fast asleep that it's a wonder he doesn't wake the whole town with his snoring.

PTE. J. W. (France).—"Please inform me how amber is produced." We haven't seen it done, but believe it starts with a fly. The substance forms around the fly; hence the phrase, "A fly in amber."

B. R. (Glossop).—It was a shocking bad joke on the part of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* to describe the death in battle of a Scotch boxer, Tom Elliott, as a "Knock-out."

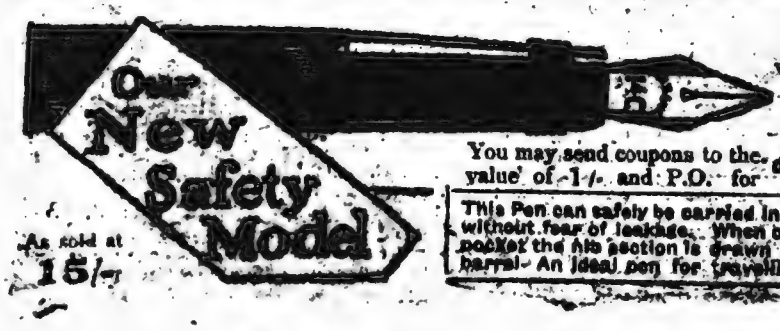
MRS. E. H. (Deptford).—"Have heard a good many people say 'Tommy and Jack swear by you, and I have almost got into same habit myself.'" In that case, we won't ask you to dam the flowing tide.

"OLDHAM."—"I am a regular reader. . . . I like anybody with a bit of devil in him." We shall have to think whether we like you.

N. D. (Whitechurch).—"I must confess your article in this week's issue has done me good." If one ever does you bad, you can mention it.

"WAR HUSBAND" (Chelsea).—As she's so pretty, then "If to her share some female errors fall, look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



Price with 1 coupon 5/3

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/3½ ea.

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 5 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 1 coupon and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (May 11th, 1918.

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

"TIZ" Cured my Sore, Tired Feet.

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen, or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns or bunions.

"After suffering for 2 years with my feet," writes Nurse Benito Mary, 81, Hammersmith Bridge-road, W., "I tried TIZ. After the first foot-bath all the swelling, shooting, burning pains stopped; the second bath took away all the corns and hard skin. I can now wear shoes in perfect comfort that I could not put on two years ago."

The boys at the Front appreciate TIZ.

Get a 1/3 box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1/3. Think of it!

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1/3, 2/6, 4/6, and 10/- per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for SAMPLE BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio

TOMMY'S BLOOD-DRINKING ENEMY.

How to Ensure Victory Over Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, Sand Flies, etc.

Tommy cheerfully and courageously faces his human enemies, but there are other enemies that drink his blood. The conditions of active service mean all too infrequent bathing and change of clothing, with verminous dug-outs and sleeping quarters. Restful sleep is an impossibility when fleas, bugs and lice entrench themselves in the clothing.

One Medical Aid Major writes in unqualified praise of PARASITOX: "But for your most excellent preparation I do not know what I should have done. . . . They (the vermin) turn one's so-called sleeping quarters into a perfect hell."

PARASITOX is a simply wonderful antidote to body vermin, mosquitoes and flies. It kills and repels them. Rubbed on the skin and in the inner seams of the clothing, no flea, bug, louse, mosquito or fly will come near one. In handy stick form, it costs only 1/-.

In hot climates PARASITOX is working wonders against not only the attentions of body-vermin, but the malaria-infected mosquitoes and sand and other flies and insects.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS. 1/-.

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND. PARA-SI-TOX

Also at All Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Allen's Pharmacies, 104, Piccadilly, and elsewhere.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: 64, Ann Street, London, E.C.4.

INVESTED FUNDS £20,000,000

ANNUAL INCOME £3,000,000

INVESTED IN WAR LOAN over £1,750,000

Sales and Endowment Assurances effected by LIVERPOOL VICTORIA AGENTS. Over numerous Branch Offices and Agencies throughout the Kingdom transact Industrial Health Insurance.

ARTHUR SHUTE, Secretary.

ARE YOU GETTING OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME?

If ill-health seems to threaten you, without the symptoms of any specific disease, your nerves are probably undernourished because your blood is thin.

Take a moment to examine your own case. Have you lost the ability to make a quick decision whenever necessary, or do you hesitate in indecision and consume an undue time over things that you used to do quickly?

Don't let thin blood starve your nervous system. Proper diet and a good tonic such as Dr. Williams' pink pills are what you need.

Thin blood is the cause of many troubles. The nerves become undernourished and neuralgia often accompanies anæmia. Good digestion without rich red blood is impossible, and sufferers from anæmia are frequently dyspeptics.

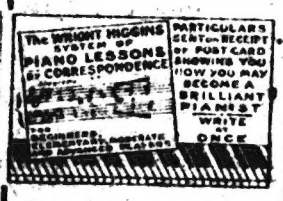
The purpose of Dr. Williams' pink pills is to build up the blood. They do this one thing and they do it well. For this reason they are an invaluable remedy in diseases arising from bad or deficient blood, as rheumatism, neuralgia, after-effects of influenza, and many nervous disorders. When purchasing, ask for Dr. Williams' and avoid substitutes.

FREE—Write a post card to-day to Book Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, asking for a free copy of a most useful little Health Guide.

Are you satisfied with your PIANO PLAYING?

If not and you would like to become a Brilliant Pianist, a Good Accompanist and Sight-reader, write for particulars of the **WRIGHT-HIGGINS SYSTEM of PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE.**

My system will undoubtedly save you an enormous amount of **Drudgery, Disappointment** and **Fatigue**, and while **doubling** your efficiency will at least **halve** the time necessary for you to spend at the piano.


The WRIGHT HIGGINS SYSTEM OF PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE
PARTICULARS SENT—RECEIPT OF POST CARD SHOWING YOU HOW YOU MAY BECOME A BRILLIANT PIANIST WRITE AT ONCE

Write for my little book entitled **"TRAINING versus TEACHING."** Therein you will find an exposition of the principles which underlie my method of tuition, it will also give you full particulars of my System and the fee I charge. (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.) **R. WRIGHT-HIGGINS, F.R.C.O., L. Mus., T.C.L., 7, Oak House, 167, Archway Road, London, Eng.**

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from **catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.** In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licencees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licencees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Salts of Lemon Superseded.

Movol acts more quickly—restores stain cloth to snow-white purity; does not eat away the fabric. Save from the rag-bag ironmoulded clothes, laces, covers, etc., and apply a touch of MOVOL—you can see the stains vanish, leaving no trace. There's no mess, no trouble, no disappointment, in using

MOVOL

STAIN REMOVER

Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

White Clothes having a YELLOW TINGE—have their original colours restored by adding a thimbl ful to the rinsing-water.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- & 6d. tubes.

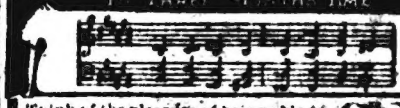
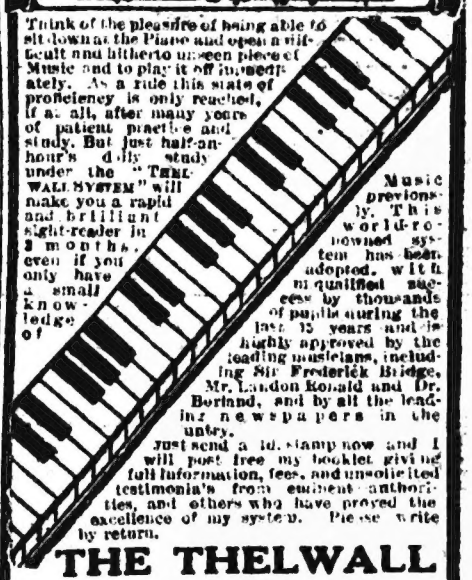
If unable to obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to—

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.

N.B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

YOU COULD PLAY THIS AT SIGHT

IN THREE MONTHS' TIME



Think of the pleasure of being able to sit down at the Piano and open a difficult and hitherto unseen piece of Music and to play it off immediately. As a rule this state of proficiency is only reached, if at all, after many years of patient practice and study. But just half-an-hour's daily study under the "THELWALL SYSTEM" will make you a rapid and brilliant sight-reader in 3 months, even if you only have a small knowledge of Music previously. This world-renowned system has been adopted with unqualified success by thousands of pupils during the last 25 years and is highly approved by the leading musicians, including Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. Landon Ronald and Dr. Borland, and by all the leading newspapers in the country.

Just send a 1d. stamp now and I will post free my booklet giving full information, fees, and unsolicited testimonials from eminent authorities, and others who have proved the excellence of my system. Please write by return.

THE THELWALL

Rapid System of Sight-Reading.

(Dept. 33), 30 & 32, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups

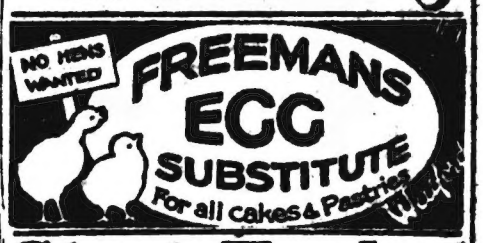
FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" **FREE.**

SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard, H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 32

—BURNLEY.—



The Warm, Dark Corners

of the kitchen, 'round the stove and the fire grate, are the places favoured by beetles and cockroaches for their midnight invasions.

Beetles go everywhere—they carry disease germs from place to place and are naturally a source of danger to the household. You can clear the house of this danger by using

VERTROY Vermin Killer

Get a trial package to-day, and sprinkle a little of this attractive powder in all the places infested by the pests. You will be gratified at the death roll in the morning.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3d., 6d., 1s., and larger Boxes.

or 1/- size post free from

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd. BOLTON.

Send a Box *to the Front, and help to keep someone comfortable.*

FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Cash or offer by return; before selling make sure of their value by writing for free booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any artificial teeth.

Kindly mention "John Bull."

E. LEWIS, 27, London St., Southport, Lancs.

You need not "practise" to Become a Good Pianist

My 'From Brain to Keyboard' System, recommended and used personally by Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., other prominent musicians, and hundreds of professional pianists and teachers, applies to all pianists and would-be pianists. No apparatus or special notation.

The System enables:

THE BEGINNER to learn pleasantly in a fraction of the time usually spent on dreary practising.

THE AVERAGE PLAYER to improve very rapidly, with a small amount of practice and no drudgery.

THE GOOD PLAYER to keep up a high standard and to improve **without any keyboard practice at all.**

260 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

9,000 Successful Pupils.

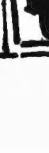
Send for Illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains my way of teaching my POSTAL LESSONS, and the fee I charge. Adapted to pianists of every grade. Apply for booklet to-day, *but do not* omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH, 19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C. 1.

From Brain to Keyboard

There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.



BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write before it is too late for my clearance lists, Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Courts, Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £7 19s. 6d. cash (maker's price £12 12s.).—HERBERT KING Ltd., the Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

Start To-day

and get rid of your skin trouble

Whatever your skin trouble Antexema will cure it. It succeeds when all else fails. The first touch stops all itching, and starts your cure. Every skin complaint, from rashes, chafing, and tenderness of young children, to the worst cases of eczema are cured by Antexema. Scalp troubles, bad legs, bad hands, barber's rash, face spots, and every sore, or blotchy skin condition quickly yields to Antexema.

Get Antexema.

All chemists and stores, also Boots, Lewis and Burrow's, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Parke's supply Antexema at 1/6 and 3/- per bottle, or direct, post free, 1/6 and 3/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London N.W.2. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

'Bullets'

2ND Prize £25 | **1ST PRIZE →** | **£200** | **← 1ST PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

'Bullets'

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 16th

Example____

Bullet____

Example____

Bullet____

(285) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed____

Address____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 285. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 16th

Example____

Bullet____

Example____

Bullet____

(285) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed____

Address____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 16th

Example____

Bullet____

Example____

Bullet____

(285) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed____

Address____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **next week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 286.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 23rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **286** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets," **No. 286,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples for Competition **285.**

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 286.

THE SINN FEINERS	MOST INVITING WHEN	NO FOOL	GOING TO POT
DRILLING FATHER	BABY'S BOTTLE	IN A ROTTEN STATE	CAN'T BE BOUGHT
ARMY OF OFFICIALS	WHAT FLAPPER FANCIES	BEHIND THE SCENES	WON'T SHRINK
NOT IN OUR TIME	TALKING SHOP	GOING AGAINST WILL	CLINGING TO POST
DEAR FRIENDS	FOND OF SCRAPS	WAR RUINS	MAKES KAISER THINK

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, No. 285.

STANDING STILL	TOMMY'S STANDING	[illegible] SAT
ON MY ALLOTMENT	HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF	PLEASING THE IRISH
IN AUSTRIA	GENERAL HUSBAND	[illegible] HIS ARM
WON'T GET OFF	RIGHT STUFF	[illegible] OR LATER
FULL OF SWANK	RUM CUSTOMER	A HARD STRUGGLE
THE RIGHT NUMBER	FIRST LOVE	[illegible] AFTER
UPSETTING BUSINESS	PUDDLE IN PIE	[illegible] FOR NOTHING
GETTING HIS TICKET	BETWEEN OURSELVES	[illegible] TOYS
DONE BROWN	ON THE ROD	[illegible] BELIEF
NOT TOO LATE	ATTRACTS ATTENTION	[illegible]'S ADVICE
LIKE A SHOT	GRANDFATHER	THE KAISER WANTS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. These give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—Beyond Belief. Bullet:—Casualties in German Army. Example:—Doctor's Advice. Bullet:—Is Often Unpleasant.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for economy. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 1st. This week's "Bullet" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's, dated May 11th.

RESULT OF 282nd "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Pte. W. ANDERSON, 44, Regent Street, Liverpool.

Example:—Turning the Tables.

Bullet:—Father Wearing Tommy's Trousers.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. G. WILLIAMS, 689, Washwood Heath Road, Birmingham.

Example:—Combing Them Out.

Bullet:—"Better" Have Gone Before.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. Thos. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Chase, Harrogate.

Example:—Gallant Deeds.

Bullet:—Always Worth "Repeating."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. B. Thurston, 53, Station Road, Erdington:
Hot Stuff—The Government—"On Paper."

Mr. Mason, 36, Newton Rd., Sparkhill, B'h'm:
Needless To State—Russians Thought Czar Was.

Driver A. W. Maskell, SS. Anglaise, No. 5, Paris:
Hot Stuff—"Pick Up" With Caution.

Mr. L. Vaughton, 97, Doncaster Road, Leicester:
A Little Kid—Before, And After Honeymoon.

Mr. P. Bunston, 18, Claremont Rd., Redruth:
Never Fails—To Assist Profiteering—Budget.

Lieut. W. S. Bain, "The Platanes," Champion Hill, London, S.E.:
Going One Better—"Wheat" When Making Referrals.

Mr. H. Tinery, 6, Tennant St., Nuneaton:
What Haig Needs—"More Shipping" Across Channel.

Mrs. E. H. Chick, 36, Windsor Rd., Holloway:
Trying Experience—Packing "Related" To Me.

Mr. R. White, Orchard Cottage, Colville Road, Acton, W.:
Before The Tribunal—"Has Been" Will Be.

Mr. M. Ayrton, 27, Bridge Road, Greaves, Lancaster:
Before The Tribunal—First "Appeal" To Yourself.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. J. Huxley, Talgarent, Bangor, N. Wales:
On Little Account—The Future When Shaved.

Sgt. A. G. Blakey, 17, Trinity Grove, Bengeo, Hertford:
When Lights Are Low—Father Usually "Turns Up."

Mr. F. K. Mansell, 82, Portsmouth Road, Woolston, Southampton:
Taking Part—Won't Satisfy Chancellor Presently.

Mr. W. Milner, 31, Bridge Road, Bedford:
A Bad Liver—Requires "Stimulant" Before Operating.

Mr. J. Scott, 27, Beechfield Gardens, Stranmillis, Belfast:
Needless To State—Profiteer Thinks War Profits.

Mr. F. C. Ward, 5th Res. Cav. Regt., Tidworth, Hants:
On Little Account—Parson's Advice At Wedding.

Mr. J. W. Gordon, 33, Burnaby St., Sheffield:
When Kaiser Commands — "Dove" Tale "Doesn't Fit."

Mr. C. Charlton, 289, Yard Row, Netherton Colliery, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
Hard To Beat—Germany, And Last "Souvenir."

Mrs. Mack, 60, Belmont Av., Westcliff-on-Sea:
Commence Here Our—Sending More Against "Will."

Miss N. Benson, 70, Hillside Rd., Tottenham:
Standing Firm—We're "Not Surprised."

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 282 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Complete list of all Coupon and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To____ Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed____

Address____

May 11th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

____ Newsagent, of

____

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed or my land obtain the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee____

Address____

Signature of Nominee____

Address of Nominee____

May 11th, 1918.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

I am glad

"We'd looked almost everywhere, but most places give you such a poor choice of furniture nowadays. It seemed impossible to find just what we really wanted until—I am glad that we thought of the "Midland" Salons! There we got everything, without the slightest trouble. And you'd hardly believe what a difference there was in the prices—

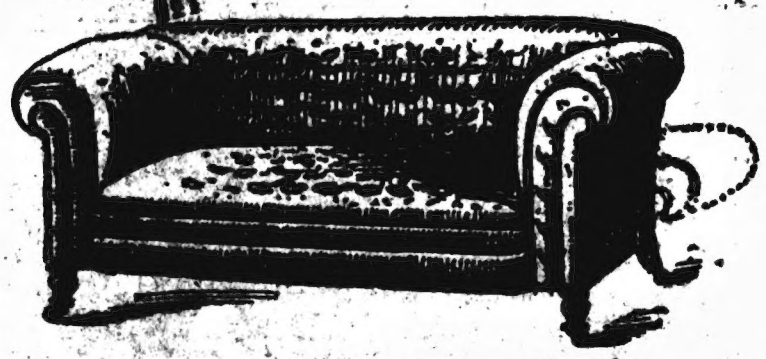
Money buys more at the "Midland."

It's no longer a case of having to "take what you can get." The "Midland" give you over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from. Every price is plainly marked. Every purchase saves you money. And under the "Midland" Ideal Terms you can pay at your convenience, out of income, just as the money comes in. The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no extras whatsoever.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art cretonne to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£5 5s. 0d.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. **£9 9s. 0d.**

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

IDEAL TERMS
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6	£50 ...	£1 7 6
£20 ...	0 11 0	£100 ...	2 15 0
£30 ...	0 16 6	£250 ...	5 10 0
£40 ...	1 2 0	£500 ...	13 15 0

Largest amounts pro rata.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Saturdays—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** (who has been associated with the business for 30 years).

HOW MILLIONS OF WAR-WORKERS KEEP FRESH AND HAPPY

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHFUL, BENEFICIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

INVITATION TO EVERY READER TO WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" 7-DAY GIFT OUTFIT.

WAR workers everywhere are the latest to bear most remarkable testimony to the amazing results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in securing Hair-Health and Beauty, and in growing and maintaining Luxuriant and Beautiful Hair.

Further, owing to the refreshing Scalp Massage involved in the practice of "Harlene Hair Drill," a feeling of lightness and brightness and readiness for daily increased output of work is freely described by thousands of people everywhere.

A PERSONAL INVITATION.

To-day every reader of "John Bull" is given a special opportunity of personally proving to his or her own absolute satisfaction, free of charge, the truth of these facts to which so many people cordially testify (see Special Coupon offer below).

The proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wish it to be publicly known that they are prepared to dispatch to any reader of this paper a Complete Seven-Day "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

In these war days, when there is an inevitable increase of various kinds of hair troubles, not only in the great munition areas, but among all who are feeling the severely testing strain of the war, there will be many hundreds of thousands—if not millions—of people who will be most intensely interested in the following interview with a young lady Munition Worker in the "London District":

Proof of the wonderful efficacy of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is sure to be found from [illegible] women war workers all over the British Isles, whose [illegible] so great a part of the [illegible] "Victory Army" of to-day. It is now open to [illegible] worth. Apply for one of the Free Gift Outfits to-day. (See Special Offer.)

MUNITION WORKER'S INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

Miss A. Robins, a London Munition Worker, was recently interviewed by a Press representative, when she expressed herself in the most emphatic terms about the marvellous virtues of "Harlene Hair-Drill." With a friend, she first accepted the generous Free Offer of a Seven Days' Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill," because the nature of their work was damaging and injurious to the hair, owing to the chemicals and oils amidst which they work.

What was the result? This is the statement made by Miss Robins:—"We are delighted beyond measure, for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever on doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected.

KEEPING THE HAIR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY.

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant, and full tresses, so therefore it became a matter of [illegible] by 'Harlene.' Our hair was better in better condition than [illegible] now—healthy, glossy, and [illegible]. It is remarkable how [illegible], and the result is always [illegible]

[illegible] Coupon.

[illegible] Liquid [illegible]

[illegible] "Hair-Drill" [illegible]

[illegible] Irritation [illegible] women [illegible] Hair-Health and beauty.

[illegible] "Harlene" [illegible] Solidified [illegible] in tins [illegible] shampoo [illegible] single [illegible] 1s. 1½d. and [illegible] obtainable [illegible] will be sent to you [illegible] direct from [illegible] Lamb's Conduit [illegible] foreign orders.

HARLENE HAIR-DRILL COUPON.

[illegible]

MOTOR TUITION BY POST.

FEE 10/6 for Complete Course.

We specialise in teaching:—
MOTOR ENGINEERING.
Officially Appointed by the Royal Automobile Club.

Send for Enrolment Form, together with fee to avoid delay—

M.S.C. School of Motoring, 14, Hood Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHORTHAND

For quick and speedy learn SLOAN-DUPLOYAN, the only simple system used on Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate

WHY LOOK OLD. GREY HAIR

RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS. DANDRUFF cured in 7 DAYS.

A Guaranteed Remedy. Without Dyes.—The effect is natural: hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. The shade remains so and keeps the same year after year. To prove its worth, a trial treatment and particulars, with a cake of medicated soap to prevent baldness, post privately for 8d. postage. P. LIND, Chemist, 572, Clyde House, 55a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

TEST IT FREE!

Acute Kidney Trouble.

Ex-Soldier Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. J. Robinson.

Mr. J. Robinson, 10 Johnson's Buildings, Ancoats, Manchester, formerly a L.-Corporal in the 23rd Manchesters, says:—"For three months I was in a London Hospital with nephritis (acute kidney trouble). I had not been long home when I fell ill again. I could not sleep, and was troubled with a sick feeling and spots dancing before my eyes. People thought I could not live long. However, in the end I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I improved daily, and now am so well that I am able to work again."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatments for:

Nervous Breakdown — Nervous Debility — Insomnia — Neuralgia — Nerve Paralysis — Sciatica — Locomotor Ataxy — Rheumatism — Spinal Weakness — Anæmia — Hysteria — Loss of Flesh — Infantile Paralysis — Kidney Trouble — Wasting Diseases — Sleeplessness

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Prices 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. The 2s. 6d. size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chemist Rd., Manchester.

PROTECT YOUR WRIST WATCH

In The Little Bandage Shape [illegible]

Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/6

GOLD

SILVER

If unable to obtain [illegible]

Rid your home of disease-carrying insects

Sprinkle [illegible] and rid your home of [illegible] Beetles, Ants, Moths, Bugs, Fleas, and other disease-carrying insects.

I.K. Insect [illegible]

It is free from sweet-smelling powder [illegible] necessary to ask for [illegible]

[illegible] is easy [illegible] Large [illegible]

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Canada, [illegible] London, Australia, [illegible], etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; New Zealand [illegible]